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Readings Booklet

January 2000



English 33

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

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January 2000
English 33
Part B: Reading
Readings Booklet
Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Description

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 33 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 8 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Time: This examination was developed to be completed in 2 hours; however, you may take an additional hour to complete the examination.

Budget your time carefully.

Instructions

- Be sure that you have an English 33 Readings Booklet **and** an English 33 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.



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I. Questions 1 to 10 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a novel.

from THE WORLD'S FAIR

5 All around us hawkers were selling pins and pennants, and bags of roasted peanuts. I really wanted one of those football pins, miniature footballs painted golden brown with painted laces attached to a ribbon with each team's colors, blue for the Giants, silver and red for the Dodgers; but I didn't want to be thought of as a baby. The footballs were made in Japan and you could pry them, like walnuts, in half at the seams. We could hear the crowds roaring inside the stadium as the teams warmed up. Occasionally we heard the sound of a punt. Our line inched forward with tormenting slowness. What could be worse than being on the outside and hearing cheers rise from behind the ballpark walls? The El¹ pulled
10 into the station overhead, and people came running down the stairs. The sidewalks overflowed; people ran and walked in the streets between the cars. I developed that specific prayerful longing that went with these situations: If we got into the game, I said to myself, I would do my homework every day for a week the minute I got home from school. I would help my mother when she asked. I would
15 go to bed when I was told to.

Taxis kept pulling up and discharging passengers. Occasionally I saw a limousine polished to a black shine, with one of those open driver's seats and with white sidewall wheels and glittering chrome radiators and headlamps, and a running board trimmed in new grey rubber. The chauffeur would run around to
20 the sidewalk door and out would step elegant women in fur coats and men in belted camel-hair coats, the collars turned up. They carried leather cases, which I understood were filled with flasks of whiskey and picnic delicacies, and they carried plaid blankets to keep warm, and some of them were recognized by people in the crowd, who called to them. They waved, smiling, as they passed through
25 the gates. One or two older men in black coats and homburgs² were saluted by policemen on guard. I saw in these sportsmen, I derived from them, information of a high life of celebrity, wealth, and the careless accommodation of pleasure. I understood that these people were politicians and gamblers first and sportsmen second. Something in their attitude appropriated the occasion. It was theirs. The
30 team was theirs, the ballpark was theirs, and I, standing with my runny nose and muffled to invisibility in a buffing crowd of heavy-coated football fans on the outside and waiting to get in—a momentary swatch of color at the edge of their field of vision—I was theirs too. I felt all this keenly and became angry.

Continued

¹El—a colloquial expression meaning elevated train

²homburgs—soft felt hats with narrow curled brims and lengthwise dents in the crown

Someone jostled me and I pushed back with my elbow.

35 Then there was a commotion in the street. One of the ticket booths had closed its window and put the SOLD OUT sign behind the little iron bars protecting the opaque window glass. The crowd at this kiosk dissolved noisily, there was shouting, and people invaded the lines at the other windows not yet shut down. Policemen were running toward us from the street and from under
40 the concrete stands. Another elevated train thundered in.

"It's about game time," Donald said, and just then another roar went up and our line dissolved into a swirling, pushing angry mass. He was exasperated. "Where's Dad," he said. "We've come here for nothing."

At this moment, as we stood bewildered and feeling bruised with
45 disappointment we heard a voice—"Don, Edgar, over here!" My father was waving to us at the edge of the crowd. We pushed our way toward him. "This way," my father said, his eyes alight. In his hand he held three tickets spread out like cards. "What!" we said, finding it hard to believe. He'd done it! From one moment to the next he led us from despair to exhilaration through the turnstiles
50 and up the ramp into the bright sunlight of the stadium.

Ah, what a moment, coming out into the raked tiers, seeing with my own eyes the green grass field, the white stripes, the colors of the two helmeted teams deployed for the kickoff. Tens of thousands of people roared with anticipation. Pigeons flew into the air. The game was about to begin!

55 Incredibly, my father had gotten tickets for the lower stands on the 35-yard line. We couldn't believe our good fortune. It was magic! His face was flushed with delight, his eyes widened and he pursed his mouth and puffed his cheeks like a clown. We were no sooner seated and the game was under way than he looked around and spotted an usher; five minutes later we were in even better
60 seats, farther back in the section, where with some altitude we could now see the whole field clearly. "What do you think of this," my father said, smiling at us in triumph. "Not bad, eh?" He loved this sort of situation, the suspense of getting in just at the last moment. The game meant more now, more than it might have if he had purchased the tickets a week in advance.

65 There was no question we were witnesses to a momentous event. The two teams struggled back and forth on the field. We groaned or cheered as the pass was caught or the punt dropped.

Donald and I followed the game intensely, cracking peanut shells and chewing and frowning and offering each other extended critiques of the action.
70 My father was more calm. He smoked his cigar and every now and then closed his eyes and turned his face up to the afternoon sun.

The Giants were in blue jerseys and the Dodgers in red and silver, and both

Continued

wore the sectioned leather helmets that came around the ears, and the buff-colored canvas pants, and the black high lace-up shoes. When the sun went below the roof
75 level of the upper stands, long shadows fell across the field and across our faces. The changing color of the day brought new moods to the game, new fortitude and desperation to the embattled lines, as the backs slashed off tackle or did their line bucks, as the centers hiked the ball and the backfield ran in box formation and compacted into their handoffs and laterals and blocks, and ran and threw from
80 their scattered single wing. They were well matched, you could feel their effort, you heard the thudding leather of their shoulder pads. The dust flew up in the planes of sunlight as they fought on the dirt part of the field, the baseball diamond. My father did not passionately root for the Dodgers. It seemed more important to him that the score remain close. Donald and I wanted the Giants to pull ahead and
85 win without any equivocation. Something happened to the sound of the game; the dimming light seemed to give it distance. Ace Parker punted the ball for the Dodgers and it rose high over the tops of the stands; then I heard the sound of his shoe hitting the football.

In the late afternoon, dusk falling, the game ended, with the Giants winning
90 by one touchdown. Everyone cheered. The two teams walked together toward the small bleachers at the end of the field and climbed the stairs under the scoreboard into their locker rooms. They held their helmets in their hands. Fans leaped over the bleacher walls and called to them. People flowed onto the field. We made our way down. It was awesome to tread in the black grass, with the marks of the
95 cleats visible like traces of battle. It seemed to me a historic site. It was a hard cold ground. A wind blew in from the open backs of the stands, which now stood silhouetted, a great horseshoe-shaped shed, little light bulbs glittering dimly in each section of the upper and lower tiers. The air down here on the field was pungent with the cold. It smelled electric. I apprehended the awesome skill and
100 strength of the football player. Boys ran through the crowd, dodging and dashing about like halfbacks, with invisible balls under their arms. I walked with my brother and father to the field gates, passing under the scoreboard and out to 155th Street. Here the milling crowds, the gabble, the horns of taxis, the rumble of trains, and police on horseback blowing their whistles brought my mind back to
105 the city. We were hoarse and tired. The day was over. We pushed our way down the subway steps into the crowd on the station platform. We jammed into the train, the three of us forced together, packed tight in the train and barreling toward the dark Sunday night. . . .

E. L. Doctorow (1931–)
American fiction award winner and editor

II. Questions 11 to 20 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

SOUL OF AN OLD MACHINE

They're like a Chinese army pouring over the hill in waves, the word-processor people. They come rushing at you, full of smugness and jargon, eager to tell you how word processors changed their lives. They love to describe the mistakes they've made ("so then I pushed the wrong button and lost three
10 chapters") and they're so intoxicated by the delirious masochism of their experience that they fail to see how it terrifies people like me. Every horror story I hear puts my own purchase of a word processor back another five years: now I'm not scheduled to buy one until at least 2038.

It's no use trying to drive away the
20 processor people with insults; there'll always be more of them coming over the hill. And like all cultists, they yearn to make converts. In my case they suggest that, since I do a fair amount of writing, a word processor will save me time. "It makes your life so much easier," they always say. (Funny: they never *look* like people
30 whose lives have been made easier.) They especially love to point out that with a word processor you can take a paragraph from here and move it to there, "simply." When I reply that as it happens I am already quite capable of taking a paragraph

from here and moving it to there (you just cut the paper with the edge of a ruler and stick it together again
40 with Scotch tape), they look at me with pity in their eyes.

What they don't understand is that my 40-year-old relationship with the typewriter has emotional overtones I can't easily ignore. For one thing, mine is a manual—I've never got used to working regularly with an electric. I like the clatter (it reminds me of the newsrooms of my youth)
50 and I like the idea of my machine operating entirely on the power of my hands. It seems intimate and natural; it provides me with a pleasant sense of living in the mechanical age, when many people actually understood the machines that surrounded them. And there is a certain pleasure in being independent of everything outside
60 your office, including the power grid. A few years ago an electricity failure hit the company where I worked and my typewriter was the only one still operating. Two people in the office, desperate to get letters out by the end of the day, came in to borrow my machine. (They had to *beg* me.)

But these considerations are
70 secondary. The more important truth is that my affection for my typewriter is based on an emotion

Continued

that's embarrassing to acknowledge—gratitude. Those who have sometimes endured unrequited passion will recall the grateful warmth they later felt when finally someone accepted their love and returned it. In my case, I'm grateful to my typewriter because it's the only machine that never resisted my advances. When I was 15 years old I already knew that I couldn't repair a bicycle, build a model airplane, or figure out what went on under the hood of a car. But a typewriter turned out to be a different matter.

In Grade 10 my typing teacher liked to say, "Respect your typewriter and it will respect you." He thought that anyone who ripped a sheet of paper out of the typewriter without loosening the carriage was, well, a vicious person, possibly headed for the penitentiary. Those were more serious times. It was 1948, at Malvern Collegiate Institute in the East End of Toronto. Above the teacher's head hung a photograph of King George VI, typing on his own portable, an inspiration to us all.

We learned on typewriters with blank keys, so that we wouldn't be tempted to peek. We were continuing (though we didn't know it) a grand tradition founded, more or less spontaneously, by a Salt Lake City court reporter named Frank McGurrin. In the late 1870s, working with one of the first

Remingtons, McGurrin somehow got the inspired idea of memorizing the keyboard and began giving public demonstrations of his ability to type, literally, blindfolded. All by himself, he invented touch typing, something the inventors of the machine had never imagined.

Along the way, against the conventional wisdom of his time, he proved that it was better to use 10 fingers than four.

Like McGurrin, we students learned the Qwerty keyboard, named for the first letters on the second row. Unlike McGurrin, we knew Qwerty was a truly wretched system—as our teacher said, almost any other arrangement (including most of those that would result from throwing the letters across the room at random) would produce more efficiency and less fatigue. Qwerty was devised by an American mathematics teacher of limited imagination who, through a mishap of history, was the brother-in-law of one of the inventors of the Remington. The math teacher responded to the inventor's request that he devise a keyboard that would prevent jamming, and did so; alas, his system also called for the maximum output of human energy. Hundreds of attempts to revise it have failed, mainly because no one can think of a way to persuade all the typists in the world to submit to retraining. Qwerty persists even on

Continued

word processors, one of the great human mistakes that humanity just doesn't feel like correcting, a permanent source of encouragement to anyone—like me—who thinks efficiency an overrated virtue.

My first few days in typing class were difficult—my fingers seldom respond readily to instructions, and I
160 lack patience. But something about those blank grey keys attracted me, and I began caressing them. Soon I found that running through the first finger exercise the teacher gave us —;lkj—was a pleasure. In a couple of months I was as fast as anyone in the class. Ever since, I've been the fastest typist (though not necessarily the most accurate) wherever I've
170 worked. I realize that among typists I'd be considered a clod. Once Kildare Dobbs said he'd like to match me, *mano a mano*,¹ with Northrop Frye², but I'd never get caught in a trap like that. Frye is a real typist—his first trip to Toronto was to take part in a national typing championship—whereas I'm good only when set down among
180 journalists and other non-pros.

I now understand why my typewriter and I bonded so quickly: like many lovers, I used it in the early stages as a projection of my fantasies. At age 15 I had ideas about being a war correspondent, so in our free-practice periods in typing class I'd compose dispatches from abroad. "Cairo, Oct. 18—(AP)—

190 Widespread fighting broke out here today between groups of dissident . . ." The boy at the next desk liked to look over and read what I was writing. He kidded me about it—"Where's the war today?"—but he envied me too. He was a natural athlete, from whose fingers a football would fly accurately for 40 to 50 yards, but he negotiated the
200 keyboard only with the greatest difficulty. All he lacked, I see now, was love.

The typewriter I use today, my main squeeze, is an Underwood Rhythm Shift Model, a descendant of the inventions of Franz Xavier Wagner (1837–1907), a German-American genius who designed the earliest Underwoods. I acquired it
210 in the mid-1950s, which means I've known it longer than my wife, my children, and most of my friends. It's scarred and worn, like a piece of old farm machinery you'd find in a barn, but it works like a charm. As backup I have a relatively modern Adler Universal 300, the gift of a friend when he moved to word processing; for travel I have a cute
220 little Smith-Corona Viceroy De-Luxe, which I picked up a decade ago for \$60.

Wilfred A. Beeching, director of the British Typing Museum at Bournemouth, says in his standard text, *Century of the Typewriter*, "It is a complicated piece of machinery but it has not captured the

Continued

¹*mano a mano*—informal Italian meaning "man-to-man"

²Northrop Frye—distinguished Canadian scholar

imagination or affections of men.”
 230 He clearly doesn’t know about my
 Underwood and me and all that
 we’ve shared. But how could he?
 How could he understand what
 we’ve had together—the tears, the
 triumphs, the hours of lonely
 frustration, the miraculous (so they
 seemed at the time) moments of
 breakthrough when at last the murky
 idea became clear or the
 240 incomprehensible anecdote
 straightened itself out on paper.
 It’s harder to work with an
 Underwood manual than with a word
 processor, my processing friends
 insist. They’re right, probably. But a
 certain difficulty in writing, a
 relationship with the physical facts of
 paper and ink, may not be a bad
 thing. One reason my Underwood
 250 and I have grown closer together in
 recent years is that I’ve observed
 what word processing has done to
 other writers. In my view it hasn’t
 improved any of them, and it has
 harmed some. At least in their first
 few years with a w-p, they’ve
 become prolix³—the kind of writer
 who used to send me a two-page
 letter began writing three- or four-
 260 page letters after acquiring a word
 processor. It’s easy, apparently, and
 it’s fun, and they just like to go on
 and on. Moreover, they don’t know
 how many mistakes they make. On
 the video display screen their words

appear perfect to them, and once
 they have a printout they send it off
 without re-reading. I receive letters
 and manuscripts containing far more
 270 typos than in the pre-processing
 days.

Perhaps this is all sour grapes on
 my part, though. Certainly there
 was something of that in my
 reaction to a newspaper column
 written recently by my old friend
 Harry Bruce. It began: “One sultry
 summer Sunday, lightning zapped
 my beloved Chedabucto Bay, shot
 280 into my office, sabotaged my
 computer, barred me from my own
 files, stole two pieces of half-written
 work, and left me with a heartburn
 of panic.” The rest of the story
 described how Harry had to load his
 lightning-crippled computer into his
 car and drive a long way to get it
 fixed, at considerable cost. It was a
 melancholy story. Why, then, did I
 290 laugh so much when reading it?

The word-processing propaganda
 never stops, of course—it flows into
 my office in magazines, sales
 brochures, in the letters of friends.
 Sometimes I sense that it makes my
 Underwood insecure. After all,
 even the oldest and best-established
 relationships can come unstuck.
 But not this one. Don’t listen to
 300 them, my sweet. We’ll never be
 parted.

Robert Fulford
 Canadian newspaper and
 magazine columnist

³prolix—wordy and tedious

III. Robin is preparing a brief oral report on the essay “Soul of an Old Machine.” Read the first draft of Robin’s report, carefully noting her revisions, and answer questions 21 to 27 in your Questions Booklet.

How often do we hear someone say, “I love my new computer”? I just read an essay by ~~a man~~ ^{a writer} who loves his old typewriter—and it’s a manual! The essay is “Soul of an Old Machine” by a Canadian, Robert Fulford. Mr. Fulford doesn’t even *like* word processors. At first, I thought he was just trying to be funny, but
5 now I’m not so sure. ~~You’ll have to trust me that he is funny.~~ He does make some good points ^{against computers.}

To show how the essay goes beyond just being funny, I will summarize Fulford’s argument. First, he says that people who have bought word processors are like ^{“yearn to make converts.”} people who have joined a cult—they ~~can only see things one way.~~
10 says few people can understand modern machines, which are so complex they depend on other things, such as electricity. Finally, he says that the word processor is impersonal. His old typewriter was something he became good at ^{felt “gratitude” toward it.} using, so he ~~liked it a lot.~~ The old machine has advantages he doesn’t want to give up.

15 As much as I like computers, some of what Fulford says DOES make sense. For example, even if word processors are efficient, do we really need more efficiency? Has efficiency made us happier? What happens to efficiency when the power goes off or when someone pushes the wrong button and loses his or her work? Is the word processor more efficient if it causes people to use more paper? Today, people don’t want to look back to see what was

Continued

20 good about the “old system.” They just assume that what is new is better. I
really agree with Mr. Fulford that in the past “many people actually understood
the machines.” Today, many people don’t understand the new machines. My
mom had to learn a new language to operate a computer, and she probably
never will understand how its chips work. Yes, there is sense in Mr. Fulford’s
25 criticisms.

However,

Mr. Fulford has some faulty arguments. He’s as opinionated as a cultist himself
because he doesn’t like what he’s never tried. He’s like a child who knows he
doesn’t like spinach—but has never tried it. Maybe when Fulford buys a word
processor, he’ll like it. Also, people thought a typewriter was complicated when
30 it was invented, but now they don’t. Maybe in a while computers won’t seem so
Handwashing dishes is simple, but I prefer a dishwasher. 1
complicated. Anyway, is “simple” always better? Fulford says he became
emotionally attached to his typewriter, but people who own computers can
become attached to them, too. Fulford was wrong about some points.

Was Fulford more wrong than right? That’s a tough question. We should
35 congratulate Mr. Fulford for making us take a closer look at the benefits to be
found in the past, as symbolized by his typewriter. Some people who value the
past enjoy using old machines, such as the crank-style ice-cream maker. In my
visiting the farm to pick out
experience, some traditional activities are personal, like *getting* my Christmas
tree and visiting my favourite aunt at the same time. But I think each era has to
I say, “Bring on the machines!”
40 find its own special things. ~~Fulford was mostly wrong.~~

IV. Questions 28 to 34 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

THE EXPOSED NEST

- You were forever finding some new play.
So when I saw you down on hands and knees
In the meadow, busy with the new-cut hay,
Trying, I thought, to set it up on end,
5 I went to show you how to make it stay,
If that was your idea, against the breeze,
And, if you asked me, even help pretend
To make it root again and grow afresh.
But 'twas no make-believe with you today,
10 Nor was the grass itself your real concern,
Though I found your hand full of wilted fern,
Steel-bright June-grass, and blackening heads of clover.
Twas a nest full of young birds on the ground
The cutter bar¹ had just gone champing over
15 (Miraculously without tasting flesh)
And left defenseless to the heat and light.
You wanted to restore them to their right
Of something interposed between their sight
And too much world at once—could means be found.
20 The way the nest-full every time we stirred
Stood up to us as to a mother-bird
Whose coming home has been too long deferred,
Made me ask would the mother-bird return
And care for them in such a change of scene,
25 And might our meddling make her more afraid.
That was a thing we could not wait to learn.
We saw the risk we took in doing good,
But dared not spare to do the best we could
Though harm should come of it; so built the screen
30 You had begun, and gave them back their shade.
All this to prove we cared. Why is there then
No more to tell? We turned to other things.
I haven't any memory—have you?—
Of ever coming to the place again
35 To see if the birds lived the first night through,
And so at last to learn to use their wings.

Robert Frost (1875–1963)

American poet

Winner of Pulitzer Prize, 1923, 1930, 1936

¹cutter bar—the rod to which the mower blades are attached

V. Questions 35 to 44 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a radio play.

from THE MEADOW

CHARACTERS:

DOUGLAS—a Hollywood movie producer

SMITH—an aging night watchman

MAN

Filming has ended and the movie set of Notre-Dame Cathedral¹ is about to be dismantled by a work crew. At night, Smith, the watchman, attempts to hammer the set back into place.

MAN: There he is, Mr. Douglas; up on top of the Notre Dame set over there.

DOUGLAS: What's he want with me? (*Calls up.*) Hey there, you! What do you want with me? Hey, up there!

5 SMITH (*Calling down, from distance*): Come on up. I want to have a talk with you.

MAN: Don't do it, Mr. Douglas. He's crazy.

SMITH: Bring a gun with you if you want. (*Calling down.*) I just want a little talk with you.

MAN: Don't do it, Mr. Douglas.

10 DOUGLAS: Don't tell *me* what to do. I'm going up.

MAN: Take my gun then, Mr. Douglas. Do that much, at least.

DOUGLAS: All right, give it to me. Let's get this over with. There's a party I'm supposed to be at in an hour. I'll go part way up and keep under cover. You have your guns ready. I don't want that set burned down or anything.

15 Material's too scarce. We're going to break up that set and use it over at the other lot. It's worth money. O.K., keep me covered. I'm on my way.
(*Sound: Footsteps, climbing ladder, hold under.*)

DOUGLAS (*Panting*): I'm coming, Smith. But my men have got us both covered. So don't try anything.

20 SMITH (*Calling*): I won't. Why should I? Just you keep climbing.
(*Sound: Climbing ladder again, this time with a little wind added; then climbing stops. A leg is thrown over the parapet.*)

DOUGLAS (*Panting*): All right, Smith. I'm up here. You stay over there where you are. I've got a gun.

Continued

¹movie set of Notre-Dame Cathedral—a stage replica of the Gothic cathedral in Paris

25 SMITH: I'm not afraid of your gun. I won't move. Don't be afraid of me, either.
I'm all right.

DOUGLAS: I wouldn't put money on that.

SMITH: Mr. Douglas, did you ever read that story about the man who traveled
into the future, two hundred years from now? He found that everybody in
30 that world of the future was insane. Yes, *everybody* was insane. And since
everybody was insane, they didn't *know* they were insane. They all acted
alike and so they thought themselves normal. And since our hero was the
only sane one among them, therefore *he* was abnormal, therefore *he* was
insane, to *them* at least. Yes, Mr. Douglas, insanity is relative. It all depends
35 on who has who locked in what cage.

DOUGLAS: I didn't climb up here to talk all night. Get on with it. What do you
want?

SMITH: I want a talk with The Creator. That's *you*, Mr. Douglas.

DOUGLAS: Me?

40 SMITH: Yes, that's you. You're sort of a god. You created all this. You came
here one day and struck the earth with a magical checkbook and clapped your
hands and said, "Let there be Paris!" And there was Paris: streets, bistros,
flowers, and all! You were a god, creating. And you clapped your hands
again. You cried, "Let there be Constantinople!" And there *it* was! You
45 clapped your hands a thousand times. Each time you created something new.
Now you think you can just clap your hands once more, and it'll all fall down
into ruins. But, Mr. Douglas—it's not as easy as that.

DOUGLAS: I own fifty-eight per cent of the stock in this Studio.

SMITH: Did you ever think to come here late some night and climb up here and
50 look and see what a wonderful world you created? Did you ever wonder if it
might not be a good idea for you to sit up here with me and my friends, and
have a cup of Amontillado sherry with me? All right—so the Amontillado
smells and looks and tastes like coffee. Imagination, Mr. Creator,
imagination. But no, you never came around; you never climbed up. There
55 was always a party somewhere else. And now, very late, without asking us,
you want to destroy it all. You may own fifty-eight per cent of the Studio
stock, but you don't own *them*!

DOUGLAS: "Them"? Who in thunder is "them"?

SMITH: Them? It's hard to put in words. People who live here.

60 DOUGLAS: There are no people here.
(*Music: Night theme.*)

SMITH: Yes, there are. There were so many pictures made here, in all the years.
Extras moved in the streets. In costumes. They talked a lot of languages.

Continued

65 They smoked cigarettes and meerschaums² and Persian hookahs,³ even.
Dancing girls danced. They glittered. Women with veils smiled from high
windows. Soldiers marched. Children played. Knights in armor fought.
There were tea shops. People sipped tea in them and dropped their h's.
Gongs were beaten. Viking ships sailed the seas.

DOUGLAS: It's cold up here.

70 SMITH (*Going right on*): And, somehow, after the extras went, and the men with
the cameras and equipment and microphones—after they all walked away and
the gates were closed and they drove off in big limousines, somehow
something of all those thousands of people remained. The things they *had*
75 *been*, or pretended to be, stayed on. The foreign languages, the costumes, the
things they did, things they *thought*, their manners and their religions. All
those little things stayed on. The sights of far places. The smells. The salt
wind. The sea. It's all here, tonight—if you listen.
(*Sound: The wind.*)

DOUGLAS: Ummm. The wind.

80 SMITH: You heard! You *did* hear, didn't you? By golly, you did! I see it in your
face!

DOUGLAS: Well, if I say so myself, I've got a pretty good imagination! But you
should have been a writer. Well, are you ready to come down now?

SMITH: You sound a little more polite.

85 DOUGLAS: Do I? I don't know why I should. You've ruined a good evening
for me.

SMITH: Did I? It hasn't been bad, has it? A bit different, I should say.
Stimulating perhaps.

DOUGLAS (*Pause*): You're a funny old man. I can't figure you. And I wish I
90 could, somehow.

SMITH: Don't tell me I've got you thinking? You're not as excited as you were.

DOUGLAS: After you've lived in Hollywood long enough, you meet all kinds.
Besides, I've never been up here before. But what I'd really like to know is,
why you should worry about all this junk. What's it to *you*?

95 SMITH: I'll show you what it is to me. As I said before, you came here, years
ago, clapped your hands and twenty, fifty, one hundred cities appeared. Then
you added eighty different nations and a half thousand other people and
religions and political setups, inside the barbed wire fence.

DOUGLAS (*Mechanically*): And there was trouble.

100 SMITH: Right. You can't have that many people, crowded so close, and not have
trouble. But the trouble died out. You know why?

Continued

²meerschaums—tobacco-pipes with bowls made from a soft white rock found chiefly in Turkey

³hookahs—oriental tobacco-pipes that use water to cool the smoke

DOUGLAS: If I did, I wouldn't be standing up here, freezing.

(*Music: Night theme again.*)

105 SMITH: Because you got Boston joined to Trinidad, part of Trinidad poking out
of Lisbon, part of Lisbon leaning on Alexandria, Alexandria tacked onto
Shanghai, and a lot of little pegs and nails between, like Chattanooga,
Oshkosh, Oslo, Sweet Water, Soissons, Beirut, Bombay, and Port Arthur.
You shoot a man in New York and he stumbles forward and drops dead in
110 Athens. You take a political bribe in Chicago and somebody in London goes
to jail. . . . It's all so close, so very close. That's why we have peace here.
We're all so crowded there *has got to be peace*, or nothing would be left.
One fire would destroy all of us, no matter who started it, for what reason. So
all of the people, the memories, whatever you want to call them, that are here,
have settled down, and this is their world, a good world; and tomorrow—
115 you're destroying it.

(*Music: Out.*)

(*Sound: The wind blows quietly through the struts.*)

DOUGLAS (*Clears throat*): Uh. Yes. I see. (*Self-consciously.*) Well. Shall—
shall we go down now?

120 SMITH: Yes, I'm ready to go if you are. You go down first, Mr. Douglas. I know
you don't trust me. I don't blame you. You go on down. I'll follow you.
(*Sound: Steps going down.*)

SMITH (*Panting*): Here we are. (*Pause.*) What—what are you going to do now?

DOUGLAS: Why, I hadn't thought. Go to that party, I suppose.

125 SMITH: Will it be fun?

DOUGLAS (*Not certain*): Yes. (*Now somewhat irritated.*) Yes! Sure, it'll be fun.
(*Pause.*) Don't tell me you've still got that hammer?

SMITH: Yes.

DOUGLAS: You going to start building again?

130 SMITH: Yes. It won't hurt anything; it's not destructive, is it?

DOUGLAS: I guess I can't object to that. You don't give up, do you?

SMITH: Would you, if you were the last builder and everybody else was a
wrecker?

Ray Bradbury
American writer of science fiction

VI. Questions 45 to 52 in your Questions Booklet are based on this article.

THE FORGER WAS A GENIUS

Forgery has always attracted creative talents that, properly developed in the “straight” world, would have brought prosperity and maybe fortune to their owners. If easy money has been the main motive for forgery, there have also been those cases where the forger appears to have collected a bonus in pleasure at outwitting so-called specialists. When these cases appear in the courts, public opinion seems to lean toward clemency.¹ Everybody likes to see the expert with egg on his face.

The curious career of Henricus Anthonius Van Meegeren (known as “Hans”), a delicate dapper little Amsterdam artist, provides perhaps the perfect illustration of all these points. During World War II, he produced a series of oils in the style of the seventeenth-century Dutch painters Vermeer and De Hooch. They were accepted, after rigorous examination, as genuine “old masters” and Van Meegeren amassed a fortune of about \$3 million.

It is obvious that the forger was an artist of great talent. He had so immersed himself in the technique and style of his idol Jan Vermeer that his own works—for which there was little demand—began step by step over a considerable period, to resemble the master’s own paintings so closely that even dealers were fooled. Van Meegeren was in his 50s when the Germans occupied the Netherlands and the Nazi warlords began to gather up large collections, either by theft or purchase.

Van Meegeren now slipped across the line into forgery. He purchased old used canvasses and obtained the same paints and brushes that Vermeer had used 300 years earlier. New “Vermeers” now began to surface, each one carefully documented. The bemedalled Hermann Göring, second only to Adolf Hitler in power, bought *Christ and the Adulteress*, attributed to Vermeer, paying a fabulous price. Other paintings were bought very quietly by several museums and art galleries.

It was the Göring picture that broke the case. It was traced by American investigators to Van Meegeren after the German defeat and he was accused of selling his nation’s art treasures to the enemy. Now, the forger’s pride was stung. No, he insisted, it was not a Vermeer—it was a Van Meegeren! He had painted the picture, and others like it, signing the names of Vermeer and De Hooch.

The owners of the fake “Vermeers” now rose with red faces to insist that their experts could not have been fooled. Van Meegeren must be lying, simply trying to build a name for himself through the publicity. So the authorities asked the little man with the toothbrush moustache to paint a new “Vermeer” to order. It was

Continued

¹clemency—leniency, tolerance

virtually indistinguishable from the master's work. Even the judges hid their grins.

40 Van Meegeren achieved the seemingly impossible feat of duplicating the work of Vermeer, regarded as the most perfect technician among all the Dutch masters.

Instead of drawing a life sentence as a traitor, Van Meegeren was handed a one-year term in prison. He died there in 1947, at the age of 58. He could be laughing still: Van Meegerens, bearing his own or other signatures, now change hands at prices that truly reflect the forger's genius.

—published by the *Canadian Automobile Association*

VII. Questions 53 to 59 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

JUDGE SELAH LIVELY

- Suppose you stood just five feet two,
And had worked your way as a grocery clerk,
Studying law by candle light
Until you became an attorney at law?
5 And then suppose through your diligence,
And regular church attendance,
You become attorney for Thomas Rhodes,
Collecting notes and mortgages,
And representing all the widows
10 In Probate Court? And through it all
They jeered at your size, and laughed at your
clothes
And your polished boots? And then suppose
You became the County Judge?
15 And Jefferson Howard and Kinsey Keene,
And Harmon Whitney, and all the giants
Who had sneered at you, were forced to stand
Before the bar¹ and say “Your Honor”—
Well, don’t you think it was natural
20 That I made it hard for them?

Edgar Lee Masters (1868–1950)
American lawyer and writer

¹the bar—the railing that encloses the area in which judges or lawyers sit in a courthouse

VIII. Questions 60 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this short story.

TROLLER¹

The sea burst against the bow where Bill lay on the starboard bunk, and the boat timbers shivered and trembled the full thirty-six-foot length of the *Pacific Maid*. Mel, the skipper, had been sick for three days now and so had his son, Bert, and the fishboat was barely under control. Bill lay there in his floater jacket, the
5 rubber tailpiece drawn up between his thighs and hooked to the front. Bert had made a number of cracks about that, but as soon as the wind hit the boat, when they passed the moaning fog horn of Tofino harbour, Bill'd put the jacket on and left it on. This was his first trip as a deck-hand on the outside and the sheer size of the Pacific disturbed him deeply. Two bad seasons on the inside coast, no
10 sockeye² run, no pinks worth a damn, and his small fishboat had been claimed by the Royal Bank. He'd had no choice but to find a job, start again at the bottom, as a deck-hand on a large Pacific troller. And he was lucky to get on with Mel, he knew. But he didn't want to be here.

He had been stunned on that first day out when Mel had confessed that he was
15 always seasick for the first couple of days, and sometimes for longer in bad weather. It seemed crazy, even dangerous, to put yourself into a job where you suffered so much, where control over your body was in such jeopardy. But, Mel had added, seasickness was a lot more common than most fishermen admitted. Greed and pride kept them at it; that, and the strange attraction the sea had for
20 some men. That was the hardest to believe.

Above him, outside in the dark, the wind thrummed on the wires of the poles like a mad guitarist. Beside him on the other bunk, Bert moaned, and above and behind him, Mel lay suffering in the wheelhouse bunk. The gale rose and fell in wild bursts and he was glad he could not see the swells, topped with flying white
25 lace, that rolled ominously and endlessly from the heart of the dark Pacific.

Four days ago, they'd smashed and rolled their way fifty miles out from Tofino, the weather channel voice predicting falling winds and sea. They'd fished that first morning, their thighs braced hard against the sides of the fish-well in the stern, slapping the gurdies³ in on only half the lines because the yawing,⁴ pitching
30 boat could not be held straight, even on the Wagner autopilot. It was a monstrosously unstable world, where the sky swung like a mad chandelier, and at the bottom of a swell, the boat seemed totally enveloped in the seething grey sea. He had not realized how totally enveloped in the pitching bowl of the Pacific they

Continued

¹Troller—a commercial fishing boat that uses hooks and lines, rather than nets, to catch fish

²sockeye—a Pacific coast “red” salmon. Other salmon are “pink,” “coho,” and “spring” salmon.

³gurdies—reels that are used to spool the fishing lines

⁴yawing—tossing from side to side

were, until they encountered another fishboat, the *Ocean Rambler*, about the same
35 size, and its toy-like struggle to lift up from the weight of the sea, smashing
endlessly on its bow, caused him to fear that this other frail cockle of wood, a
quarter of a mile away, could not, would not rise this time, or the next, out of the
green mass that rolled again and again and again, pushing the whole boat down
and down, until, when both boats were on the bottom of the swell, the *Ocean*
40 *Rambler* would disappear completely from sight. It was then, too, that he realized
that the *Pacific Maid*, his own boat, must also look a frail shell waiting for one
great wave to take it under.

They had caught fish on that first day, coho and a few medium springs, but
the big fish broke the lines or ran amok with ease about the barely controllable
45 boat. He had brought one big spring alongside, thirty pounds, maybe more, and
swung the gaff down and into its head, but, instantly, the boat yawed and the gaff
and fish pulled beyond his strength and he let go before he too was tipped into the
maelstrom.⁵ The skipper's curses were torn from his lips by the wind as he came
aft in a running crouch. He shouldered Bill aside, and with huge hands, criss-
50 crossed with the white scars from nylon fish-line, manhandled the flapping spring
with the gaff still in its head into the checkers,⁶ and expertly killed it with a single
blow behind the head.

Though he could not hear Bert's jibes from the other side of the boat, he was
embarrassed, but not for long. The skipper, with a sudden lurch, pushed by him
55 again, green-faced, and vomited into the spume. Bert soon followed his father and
both of them leaned over the side and vomited time and time again.

It was then that he'd taken charge, scuttled to the wheelhouse to adjust the
Wagner, crouched and run back to run the lines, pulled the salmon, ran out the
lines again, cleaned the fish and stocked them in the checkers. But the wind and
60 sea grew and the main line and the deep line of the starboard side crossed and
tangled and for half an hour he struggled to bring both of them in and clear the
gear. The skipper watched, red-eyed, and finally told him to pull all the lines in
and lash them down.

Incredibly, though the skipper stopped regularly to retch overboard, Mel
65 worked with him until all the gear was on board and the lines and lead cannonballs
lashed down with cutty hunk.⁷ Together they pulled the prostrate Bert into the
wheelhouse and down into the bunk. Bill went out again to the stern, staggered
back with armful after armful of salmon, crawled deep down into the hold of the
boat, stuffed handfuls of ice into the cleaned bellies of the fish and stacked them
70 into the waiting ice.

Continued

⁵maelstrom—violently swirling waters

⁶checkers—raised area at the stern of the boat where the deck hand readies the fish for storage

⁷cutty hunk—short pieces of rope

“Sea-anchor, Bill,” mumbled Mel, pointing to the bow. “I’ll run the boat up, you drop it.” Bill looked through the window. The weighted parachute with the red Scotsman buoy was lashed to the foredeck. It had to be eased overboard so it sank and opened deep beneath the sea. A long rope, coiled now on the bow, then
75 ran from the capstan⁸ on the bow down to the chute flowering under the sea. With this down, the boat rode easily, moving with the tide a mile or so in and out, on the ballooned tension of the underwater anchor. But it was dangerous to put out in a high wind. If the chute snapped open in the gale the rope would whip out like a snake striking. If the boat was not held tight against the smashing swell, the rope
80 jerked about and the feet and body of the man, already threatened by the great wash of water pounding against it, could be washed overboard instantly. The very idea of walking out there, out to where the grey sea bounded onto the bow, was almost too much for him, except for the haggard look of the skipper, white-faced and red-eyed. He knew then that he had to do it, not just for them on the boat, but
85 for himself, because the sea was building relentlessly and it was doubtful if they could turn and run safely before it back to Tofino. The danger of broaching, or of the stern going under in the massive rolling seas was such that he looked an instant at Mel, and saw in his watering eyes that there was only one choice.

And he had shuffled grimly out along the deck, gripping the handrail tightly
90 with both hands, past the wheelhouse and onto the bow. There, the first burst of swell knocked him soaking and breathless to his knees. Worse, the suck of the sea off the deck rushed about him and loosened his footing. In the second or two before the next wave burst upon him, he worked with one hand on the lashed parachute. He timed his work so that in the brief dip of the bow, before the next
95 swell deluged him, the parachute and its chain and rope were freed. He hooked one foot about a stanchion,⁹ braced the other, and in the same two-second dip, let the parachute and rope slip through his left hand over the side. Despite his effort the rope kicked and jumped and burnt his wrist and hand.

It was not classic seamanship. There were many men of the West Coast
100 fishing fleet for whom this act was daily bread, but for him, the final “tung” of the rope tight against the capstan, the red Scotsman floating before the boat now easing back, was a gong of triumph. He sat, hanging onto the rail, his knees braced against the stanchion, totally exhausted, wet through, and not at all jubilant. His hands were scored and torn by the rope. He thought of the poached salmon
105 steaks he’d seen once for an exorbitant price, served in silver chafers in a restaurant on Sloane Square in London, and the enormity of the callous economics of it made him burst out with laughter. Eventually, he crawled back on his knees, gripping the rail, and got into the wheelhouse.

Continued

⁸capstan—a revolving barrel used for winding cable or rope

⁹stanchion—a short, upright pillar or post

110 He told himself through clenched teeth that this was it, that never again would
he risk the plunge and certain death in that cold and bitter sea. It was over. He'd
get a shore job, pumping gas, unloading fish, anything to avoid this pulse and roll
and madness of the sea.

115 The skipper sat with his head down on the wheel, and Bill crawled past him
and down into the bunk next to Bert. The boat now rode more easily, tossing like
a massive child whose fever has broken and, even though the sea still smashed and
burst against the hull, he fell quickly asleep. . . .

120 A rumbling sound growing nearer brought him to wakefulness. He got up
unsteadily, his limbs rigid with cold, and stepped up into the wheelhouse. Mel lay
asleep on the wheelhouse couch, his white face garish every second or two from
the flash of the strobe light on the mast top. The sea was unabated. Green frills
ran constantly up and down the wheelhouse window, obscuring the bow light. On
the port bow half a mile and closing, at the tops of the massive swells, he could
see a row of lights in the whirling darkness. He fervently hoped the radar operator
on the freighter out there was awake and that the many blips of the fishing fleet
125 tossing at anchor were clear in the stormy night. The freighter passed quickly,
unperturbed it seemed by the muscular walls of water in which it moved. He
wished then, as many fishermen have, for a boat so big the sea could not threaten
it. He thought, too, of the wreaths rotting on the Anglican Church wharf at
Bamfield, and the inscription, "O lord your sea is so strong, and our boat is
130 so frail."

He looked about him at the unutterable darkness, the wild wind and crashing
sea, and felt a great loneliness, until, in the distance, the quick flash of a tiny
strobe appeared, another fishboat, anchored too in this hissing vortex, and another
flash, and another, and suddenly all about, at the top of the swells, the flick, flick,
135 sometimes miles away, sometimes closer, magical in the storm. Bill felt strangely
and utterly comforted by the pattern their lights made, flickering, miles away from
home and warmth and safety. Again he looked at his hands, throbbing now with
the red lines of the chafe marks. He knew it was a mark, along with the lights, of
a community; the boats of the West Coast fishing fleet, held by the flowers of their
140 sea anchors, a pattern of faith one with the other in this arduous endeavour upon
the encircling sea.

Kevin Roberts
Australian-born writer
now living in British Columbia

Credits

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